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Britain's New Deal

While the United States seems (if you can believe the daily press) to be heading away from the New Deal, Great Britain seems to be moving rapidly toward it—and a bigger and better one than this country ever envisaged. The new plan of the government for postwar prosperity, which carries the name of Lord Woolton as Minister of Reconstruction, is the most far-reaching proposal for a mixed economy of government and private enterprise ever suggested by any of the major powers. While America's economic leaders are feverishly working to return to the conditions of the 1920's which brought about the depression of 1929, the British propose an entirely different tack. The government will use its vast powers to prevent either a boom or a depression. Money will be pumped into the channels of consumption to keep up the all-important mass purchasing power. Heavy spending on public works will be started as soon as a depression begins. The Treasury and the banks, working together, will change the interest rate to keep money cheap whenever this is desirable. Taxes, including social-security taxes, will be heavy in times of prosperity in order to accumulate funds to spend when times are bad. Wage rates will be connected definitely to productivity. Britain's export trade will be maintained on a higher level than before the war, in order to pay for the imports of food without which she would starve. A small permanent economic advisory staff will inform the government how things are going and what ought to be done next.

It will be interesting to see whether, a few years after the end of the war, the United States is plunged into deep depression under "free enterprise" while the British, with a compensatory economy, continue to do well. If you don't want to see that happen, your solution lies in electing to Congress and to the presidency men who are definitely pledged to fight against policies which bring about poverty in the midst of potential plenty.

The New York Times Votes No

You may expect a campaign of misrepresentation and vilification in the American press against the new plans of the British government for postwar prosperity. Papers which are committed to laissez-faire and a return to 1929 can hardly be expected to ignore such a challenge to their ideas. No doubt we shall hear the British Tory government written off as "just a bunch of Socialists."

The opening gun against Britain is a really astonishing editorial in The New York Times of May 29. The Times sourly recalls that the new monetary conference will consider plans for an $8 billion international-stabilization fund. It then proceeds to confuse cheap money inside Great Britain (that is, a low interest rate) with a depreciated pound sterling in international trade, and tries to frighten Americans by saying that the $8 billion fund might all be drained off trying to support the pound. In other words, this is a threat that America will withdraw from the monetary conference unless Great Britain follows the conservative economic policies desired by The New York Times. Fortunately, The Times is not authorized to speak for the American government or the American people; and fortunately, too, The Times's amazing economic ignorance will not be widely shared.

CONTENTS

The Week 751

Editorial

No, Mr. Churchill! 754

General Articles

Harold Stassen: Fake Liberal . . . . . Howard Y. Williams 756

Fascism's Day in Court . . Edwin A. Lahey 757

What About Bolivia? . . . . Helen Fuller 760

A New Incarnation . . . Tarleton Collier 761

Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 763

No Directions . . . . . Manny Farber 764

The Bandwagon 764

Correspondence 765

Books in Review

André Gide in Wartime . Malcolm Cowley 766

Baron of the Airways . . . Allan Spalding 768

Men in Motion . . . J. Saunders Redding 769

A Reader's List 770

Crime and Punishment . . . . . E. H. 770

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Not Slush Funds—Just Votes

As the CIO Political Action Committee becomes more influential in the campaign, those who have good reason to be afraid of it are making false charges against it, and they will probably continue to do so with increasing fervor. It is charged that the committee comes with enormous slush funds into local elections with which it has no legitimate concern, and buys the victory. It is charged that in some way it exercises the disciplinary power of labor organization over a solid block of votes representing a special interest, and so exerts an undemocratic influence. The facts are almost exactly contrary to these charges.

In recent congressional and state elections so few votes have been cast and so little publicity has been given to the records and affiliations of candidates that special interests have built up an anti-administration majority in Congress and have elected many conservative state governments. The Political Action Committee is merely seeing that more voters register—not merely unionists but liberals in general—and is informing them as to the voting records of the candidates and the national issues at stake, so that really democratic elections may be held. Its financial resources—$750,000 for the whole nation—are sufficient to build up the necessary organization for these purposes and to carry on education, but obviously could not buy many local elections, even if that were considered desirable by the labor leaders concerned. All that is necessary, however, is getting information to the electorate. The loudest objectors are those who do not want their political records known, and do not want the majority of electors to vote.

Dr. Hutchins in Trouble

President Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago seems to be getting into trouble. Newspaper dispatches indicate that many members of the faculty at Chicago are close to revolt against his methods, which they regard as unnecessarily autocratic, not to say dictatorial. An example is the proposal that every member of the faculty shall turn over to the university all his outside earnings from writing, lecturing, royalties on patents, etc. Many members of the faculty, evidently disturbed by Dr. Hutchins' close contact with Mortimer Adler and his neo-Thomism, have sent him a written statement deploring any tendency to tie the university to some particular dogma or attitude of faith.

At the Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith, held in New York City over the weekend of May 27, several speakers, including Dr. John Dewey, sharply attacked Dr. Hutchins' policy of separating vocational and scientific studies from others and making them strictly factual in character. As Dr. Dewey said:

> Inspiring vocational education with a liberal spirit and filling it with a liberal content is not a utopian dream. It is a demonstrated possibility in schools here and there in which subjects usually labeled "practically useful" are taught charged with scientific understanding and with a sense of the universal social-moral applications they potentially possess. . . . Certain educators are waging a definite campaign to make the scientific attitude the scapegoat for present evils. They propose that we turn our face to the medievalism in which so-called "liberal" arts were identified with literary arts.

The whole spirit of the conference at which Dr. Dewey's paper was read was one of revolt against what seems to be a rising tide of authoritarianism and mysticism in American education today. Evidently a fight is brewing; and it will be a hot one.

De Gaulle Comes to London

General de Gaulle is coming to London, and everyone must hope that whatever the mysterious unnamed grievances against him which have made the British and Americans so hostile, they will now be removed. We are told, as though this were a great favor to him, that he will be allowed to use code in communicating with the French Provisional Government in Algiers, while he is in London. But there was never any reason why the use of code by the French should have been suspended. When they complained, some ineffable idiot in London told them that they ought not to feel annoyed, since they were getting the same treatment as Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal! With the invasion so near, let us hope that even Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt will now see that the collaboration of the French is of some importance, in getting France free.

The Texas Secession

The highly publicized bolt of Roosevelt supporters from the Texas State Democratic Convention was the only possible way out of the violent storms that have been raging within the party in that state for months. When the 1,300 delegates assembled in Austin, it was quickly apparent that the anti-Roosevelt forces were in control of the convention. This was no surprise to progressives who had kept their eyes open in the preceding weeks and had seen Jesse Jones's lawyer and nephew, George Butler, lead the reactionary forces in the capture of the key county conventions. In the Butler gang of Roosevelt-haters, Senator W. Lee O'Daniel's political machine is especially prominent. Vance Muse, of the notorious Christian American Association, and other Southern stooges for the Republican Party in past campaigns were in the convention group which named an "uninstructed" delegation to the National Democratic convention which was directed to withhold support of the party's nominees if the convention refused to restore the two-thirds rule, if it

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seated any pro-Roosevelt Democrats from Texas or if it refused to place a strong anti-Negro plank in the platform.

The 600 delegates supporting Roosevelt and the war program withdrew to elect their own delegation instructed for the President, including in it such substantial Democrats as Senator Tom Connally and Speaker Sam Rayburn. These delegates voted funds before adjourning to tell their story to the state: "We did not bolt the Democratic Party; we left the Republican Party." It will be up to the credentials committee at Chicago to decide which Texas delegation to seat.

Allied Fliers in Germany

Herr Goebbels has broadcast an invitation to the German people to lynch Allied fliers who are forced down in that country. Bomber crews, he says, are entirely outside international law. In doing so, he has made the mistake of his life, for at least three reasons. First, he will infuriate the people of the Allied countries, who will only fight the harder. Second, with several hundred thousand German prisoners now in our hands and more being taken daily, retaliation, if we wanted to stoop to it, would be only too easy. Third, he is opening the door for drastic punishment by the Allies, after victory, of the German pilots who bombed Rotterdam, Warsaw and many another city. What ever became of the notion that the little doctor was smart?

Senator Wheeler's Plan

Senator Burton K. Wheeler wants the government to forbid by law sponsored radio broadcasts of news and comment on the news. Apparently the proposal is aimed at Drew Pearson or Walter Winchell, or both. The whole relationship of advertisers to the radio is a rather unhappy one, which could stand a lot of improvement; but this is certainly the wrong way to go about it. If the Senator has his way, many of the commentators now on the air would disappear. The networks would in most cases have press-association bulletins read by a $30-a-week announcer. Since these networks are on the whole even more conservative in their views than the advertisers, it is safe to say that the few commentators left on the air would be people like Fulton Lewis and Earl Godwin rather than Winchell, Pearson or Raymond Gram Swing. Fortunately, there seems little likelihood that the Wheeler proposal will be adopted.

The Poll Tax (Cont'd)

The Senate Republicans who helped the Southern Democrats filibuster the anti-poll-tax bill to death are now out to repair their political strength among the Negro voters. Senator Kenneth Wherry (R., Nebraska) has introduced a constitutional amendment to abolish the poll tax. His amendment already has the support of 32 other Republicans and more recruits are expected.

This is no new inspiration the Republicans have contrived. The anti-poll-tax forces carefully studied the possibilities for abolishing the present poll-tax system by constitutional amendment before deciding on the legislative approach to the problem. The greatest objection to the amendment plan is that the thirteen Southern states, with little outside assistance, could block consideration of the amendment almost indefinitely. A campaign for a constitutional amendment would probably therefore result principally in delay on the whole fight.

Senator Joseph O'Mahoney (D., Wyoming), who opposed the anti-poll-tax bill, has denounced Wherry's resolution as "a political move," pointing out that he introduced a similar constitutional amendment last January and that many of Wherry's present collaborators have previously opposed it right along.

Protection from Police Abuse

Everyone knows that the hallmark of "justice" in Fascist countries is that people are arrested and then held incommunicado for long periods of time without being brought to trial. In this country, numerous congressional statutes prescribe that federal police who arrest a person suspected of a crime produce him "immediately" before a judicial officer. In fact, however, arrested persons have been often subjected to prolonged detention, particularly for the purpose of obtaining their confessions. This unpleasant contrast between the law and the conduct of law-enforcing officials was possible because the statutes prescribing the prompt pro-

Zec in The London Daily Mirror

"Cloudy Again Today, Isn't It?"

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duction of suspects did not contain any specific punishment for the failure to observe them.

The United States Supreme Court, confronted with this situation, has once more shown its intention of making civil liberties something more than a paper guarantee. In McNabb v. United States (1943), it ruled that no confession obtained from a person subject to illegal detention is admissible as evidence in a federal court. This rule is now threatened by a bill, introduced by Representative Sam Hobbs of Alabama and pending before the Judiciary Committee of the House. It provides that failure to observe the so-called "prompt-presentation" statutes shall not render inadmissible confessions thus obtained.

In its statement on the Hobbs bill, the Special Committee on the Bill of Rights of the American Bar Association points out that the bill pulls the teeth from the congressional statutes and puts nothing in their place. Possibly the British system, which practically bars the police from any examination of persons held incommunicado or not assisted by counsel, is not suited to American conditions. Possibly even the more moderate system embodied in the "prompt-presentation" statutes is inadequate. If this is so, Congress ought to amend these statutes after having carefully weighed the need for protection from crime against that for protection from police abuses. The Hobbs bill ducks the issue. It leaves on the books the solemn assertion of individual freedom and adds a surreptitious clause barring the courts from protecting it. Mr. Hobbs in effect asks Congress to rebuke the Court for having tried to enforce an Act of Congress.

The Bar Association Committee does not challenge the constitutionality of the bill, but one wonders whether Congress may prevent the courts from adequately protecting the individual rights of crime suspects. Congress might evolve a reasonable scheme reconciling freedom with efficiency and the rights of suspects with the protection of society. But it must not in common decency enact a given scheme and then give the police a blank exemption from compliance with it.

Social Note

Washington society has just had a hard week. A large part of the trouble was caused by the handsome Señor Adrian Escobar, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Argentina to the United States. May 24 is the anniversary of Argentina's independence from Spain, and, ironically, Señor Escobar chose that occasion for issuing invitations to the first large party at the Embassy in a long while. Señor Escobar's friends were embarrassed. Telephones hummed with the question, "Do we dare accept?" Most of the Latin American envoys prudently decided to attend another party, given by the Panamanian Ambassador. Among the few who did not join the diplomatic boycott of the Argentine affair were the Spanish Ambassador and his staff, the Chilean Ambassador and his staff, and the Belgian Ambassador and his Argentine wife. . . . Señor Escobar has now suffered a further indignity. The new Diplomatic List assigns him the lowest place in the book, after that of the consul of Estonia. The Ambassador will have to be content to yield precedence to ministers and even consuls, until he is able to present new credentials from his new President.

No, Mr. Churchill!

IN YOUR ADDRESS to the House of Commons on May 24, an address which was not purely domestic but was read eagerly by all those everywhere in the world who are engaged in the common struggle to end the menace of Nazism and fascism to the liberties of mankind, you emphasized the purpose to set up "a world order and an organization equipped with all attributes of power in order to prevent future wars or the planning of them in advance by restless and ambitious nations." For this purpose, you said, "there must be a world council comprising the greatest states which emerge victorious from this war, who will be obligated to keep within certain minimum standards armaments for the purpose of preserving the peace."

"There must also be," you said, "a world assembly of powers whose relation to the world executive or controlling power for the purpose of maintaining peace I am in no position to define."

In these words you stated what sensible men have come to recognize as one of the great essentials of freedom from war. Those who have the armed might to put down aggression, should it occur or be planned, must be ready in advance to do so, ready both in their wills and with the necessary implements of force. The experience of mankind shows that peace depends on the existence of organized power to quell transgressors of the peace, and this power must be provided by those who have it—in other words, those who have the greatest stake in society.

But free men have also learned that organized power to keep the peace is a dangerous one, and in constitutional democracies like yours and ours have hedged it round with safeguards of rights and liberties. Without assurance that such police functions shall be servants rather than masters of the people, who may always prescribe their limits and the ways in which they shall be used, force is likely at any moment to become an instrument of tyranny. Even when autocracy in the old sense is absent, words like "preserving the peace" or "maintaining tranquillity" often have a sinister association. Many times they have been employed to maintain the status quo and the privileges of minorities who profit by it, when majorities have had no op-

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portunity through legal or constitutional processes to express their desire for change, and so have been compelled to resist by force those who forcefully transgressed their liberties. Without any wish to offend your great nation, with which we are now on the most friendly and coöperative terms, we might remind you that an incident of this kind occurred when the United States of America established its independence from the British crown.

It is considerations such as these which have made democrats uneasy about the proposals for a condominium of power among the great nations which are winning this war. Will it really be a war of liberation? Or will it be merely one to establish and maintain the political and economic status quo? Will there be worldwide democratic control of, and room for change within, the invincible combination which will have to be formed to repel future aggression? To put it bluntly, are you fighting to preserve the British Empire, and are we fighting to preserve capitalism, or are we really sincere about the noble abstractions which we have together espoused?

There is no hint in your address that you are aware of these problems and dangers. Indeed, there are several hints that you do not consider them of importance. Outstanding among these is your reference to Spain, under the Fascist dictator Franco, for whom you have only kind words. Here and elsewhere you make it explicit that you intend to be hostile to fascist governments only when they have attacked by force of arms, and that you favor democratic governments, where they do not already exist, only in the enemy nations. Even there your interpretation of democracy is open to question. In other words, you are concerned with establishing and keeping the peace only in the sense of maintaining what exists by force.

This will not do, Mr. Churchill. The peoples of the world are not going to rally round a world government with overwhelming power unless it is a government which stands foursquare on the liberties of the people. Police power without democracy is dangerous, and doubly dangerous on a universal stage. A world community dedicated to keep the peace must be composed of democratic states, or of those which, though not ready for democracy, are headed in that direction. There cannot be within its composition or its guiding principles the slightest suspicion that it may try to serve the status quo by suppressing democracy or by lending its favor and prestige to those who do so.

To say this is not to say that we are engaged in a crusade to establish a form of government which happens to be to our taste, but may not be liked by other peoples. It is a hard-headed judgment, based on centuries of history, about the uses and abuses of power. If we are setting out to be indifferent as to the general nature of the governments possessed by the nations of the world, we have no business to organize power on a world scale. We must continue to live in international anarchy, with all its discomforts and dangers, for these dangers in the long run would be less than the imposition of the will of central power in behalf of those who exercise it. Such an organization, based on power without principle, would not indeed even succeed in keeping the peace for very long, for the inextinguishable need of mankind for freedom and growth has eventually burst through every tyranny, no matter how overwhelming its force.

What, in effect, was it that you said about Spain? You said you had been afraid of Spain's ability and possible inclination to upset our military plans. We do not believe there were sufficient grounds for the fear of her ability to do so, but that is not the point here involved. You also said that Britain obtained from Spain some highly useful materials. On these accounts you were willing to ignore the miseries and subjection of the Spanish people, whose aspirations for freedom had been put down by the arms of those who now are our enemies, and you were willing virtually to promise future support for their oppressor. This, we submit, is a mean and sordid expression of a mean and sordid policy; a better world cannot be built on this sort of foundation.

No, Mr. Churchill, it will not do. If we are going to have a super-power to put down aggression, we must have worldwide constitutional democracy with it. Let this issue come out into the open now, before it is too late. Your error is a fundamental one, and will be recognized as such by those who are now going into battle. It must be repaired with all possible speed and decisiveness. Fortunately we can go ahead in the knowledge that your word on the subject need not be the last. But let it be said with all possible emphasis that we and all those who see things with the same perspective—and we believe that includes a great majority in the world—reject the word you have given us.

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Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

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Harold Stassen: Fake Liberal

IN MINNESOTA it has been no secret that Harold E. Stassen wanted to be President of the United States. Since his college days he has expressed this ambition. Many voters over the nation have been impressed with his views on international issues and think he would be progressive in the high office of President. Since he is now in the navy, serving on Admiral Nimitz's staff, one hesitates to be critical. However, he is aggressively seeking the Republican presidential nomination. Though he has little chancce of success in 1944, he may have at a later time and voters should know his record. Moreover, it is possible that he might be given the vice-presidential nomination, even in 1944, or in the case of a Republican victory, he might be chosen for the Cabinet.

January, 1939, saw Stassen inaugurated as Governor. For eight years previous, 1931-38, Minnesota had had Farmer Labor Party Governors, Floyd B. Olson serving for the first six years and Elmer A. Benson for two. Though some mistakes were of course made, these two Governors gave Minnesota socially minded and efficient administrations. Taxation was based on ability to pay; state institutions enlarged their services and made them effective; the "silent system" for prisoners disappeared. For the first time in any state the National Guard was used to protect workers in their right to collective bargaining, rather than to help employers. Schools and colleges received encouragement and assistance, lifting them to higher levels. More generous standards were set for relief, including assistance to disabled war veterans and their families. Coöperatives of all kinds were encouraged and farmers were protected from summary foreclosure on their homesteads. State highways were kept in model repair and the system greatly enlarged.

When Governor Olson died in 1936, tens of thousands lined the streets along the four-mile route to the cemetery in tribute to this public servant. Newspaper editors who had fiercely fought his program wrote editorials eulogizing his service. Governor Benson followed in the same tradition. To defeat such an administration, Stassen had to pose as a liberal, and he definitely tried to sell himself as a progressive to the voters of Minnesota. It is reported that he listened over and over to recordings of Olson's speeches. At any rate, he made such a careful study of the late Governor's methods and mannerisms that, whether with deliberate intent or not, his adoption of them caused comment throughout the state. Outwardly you had, in the campaign of 1938, a build-up of Stassen as a liberal, appealing as such to the voters of a progressive state.

But behind the scenes, this campaign would have done credit to Herr Goebbels. The treasurer of Stassen's campaign committee frankly said that they had just four planks in their platform which they constantly stressed—that there were too many Jews in the Farmer Labor administration, too many Communists, too much money being spent and too much graft. He reported that whenever the Governor got away from these issues, his aides brought him back to them.

The main document used by the Stassen forces was a 60-page pamphlet entitled "Are They Communists or Cat's-Paws?" written by Ray P. Chase, a former Republican state auditor. The first four photographs are those of four Jews connected with the administration. A. I. Harris was editor of The Minnesota Leader, the official Farmer Labor paper. Roger Rutchick was secretary to Governor Benson. Arthur N. Jacobs was secretary to the speaker of the House of Representatives. Sherman Dryer was a leader among Junior Farmer Laborites. The material was so libelous that Mr. Harris sued Mr. Chase and received a substantial check from Mr. Chase's lawyers in an out-of-court settlement. This anti-Semitic, Red-baiting campaign for Mr. Stassen is perfectly comparable to that of the Nazis. Abe Harris was one of the finest characters that Minnesota has ever produced and many of his friends feel that he really died of a broken heart, the result of this vicious campaign.

Stassen arranged with the Dies Committee to call witnesses from Minnesota to Washington to testify against the Farmer Labor Party leaders along the same general line as that taken in the pamphlet. The statement prepared by the Stassen forces to be read before the Dies Committee by a Minneapolis lawyer was so libelous that he refused to read it. A young employee of a public-utility company was drafted at the last moment to read the statement, which was then given wide publicity. The Dies Committee refused the request of Governor Benson that Farmer Labor Party witnesses be called to answer these lies.

After Mr. Stassen's election as Governor, what does the record reveal? He certainly has been right on the international issue and his plan for the organization of the postwar world is the most forthright put out by any Republican candidate for the presidency. However, one may be forgiven for questioning his real devotion even to this cause. There were many good people in Minnesota who labored for internationalism for years before Governor Stassen ever raised his voice. He waited until the idea was safe and popular. Moreover, one must remember that he went into Nebraska in 1942 to campaign against Senator George W. Norris, a loyal supporter of the President's foreign policy. This

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year his managers in the Nebraska primary used the tactic of defeating Willkie by urging that a vote for Stassen was a vote for Dewey—long before Dewey's "internationalist" speech in New York. Senator Joe Ball, Governor Edward J. Thye and Representatives Melvin J. Maas and Walter H. Judd, all of Minnesota, went into Wisconsin to campaign against Willkie. Stassen undoubtedly knew of and approved this policy. These acts temper somewhat one's enthusiasm for his stand on international issues.

Stassen's record on state issues, moreover, is most conservative. One of the first acts that he pushed through the legislature was a homestead lien on old-age assistance. Every dollar accepted by an elderly citizen in Minnesota for old-age assistance becomes a lien upon his home. Many older people fear that if the lien becomes greater than the value of the property, the home may be taken away from them. Others fear that the lien will take all assets of the homestead and leave them to be buried in a pauper's grave. Many feel that the homestead really came out of the earnings of their children and should go to them. As a result, many of Minnesota's aged citizens will almost starve to death rather than accept assistance with this lien. Stassen does not recognize assistance as a right, as back pay for folks who never received their full share of the wealth they produced, but rather as charity. He is a reactionary in this respect.

Next he promoted a 36-percent-interest law on small loans, though previously anything above 10 percent in Minnesota was usury and could never be legally collected. (Of course, loan sharks did collect more, but never under the protection of the law.) The borrower could always refuse to pay illegal rates and nothing could then be done about it. Stassen's 36-percent interest law has been a boon to banks and finance companies, and they have poured thousands of dollars into his campaign coffers for this service. Finance companies of Texas offered him $100,000 to act as their attorney in putting over the same law in that state. The Stassen-controlled legislature also reduced the taxes on banks almost 50 percent.

Typical of Stassen's attitude was his opposition to federal aid to housing and slum clearance in Minnesota. A bill was introduced which would have permitted Minnesota to receive from the federal government an appropriation equal to its own for these purposes. It was killed in committee.

Minnesota collects a 10.5-percent tonnage tax on iron ore mined in the state. Whether you think this is a high tax or not will depend on your social attitude; there are many countries whose citizens believe that all sub-soil mineral rights should belong to the people themselves, and who would be shocked at the notion of giving private individuals 89.5 percent of the value of the iron ore, especially when these individuals are engaged in taking it out at the utmost speed. Many people in Minnesota felt this way about it, and although Governor Stassen wanted to reduce the tax, he did not dare to do so openly. He found a subterfuge, however, which achieved the same result. The tax is based on the so-called "Lake Erie price" for iron ore, a fictitious price set up by a holding company to pay to operating companies that are under common leadership. Stassen permitted the United States Steel Company, in a period of war production and steadily rising prices, to reduce this artificial Lake Erie price and thus cut down the state's tax income by about $5 million per year in the past five years. In addition, the Stassen-controlled 1939 legislature limited taxes on iron-ore properties for local assessment purposes, saving the iron-mining companies about $4 million a year. Though challenged, Mr. Stassen has never denied that in 1938 his campaign committee received $50,000 from the iron-mining companies' representatives.

Trade-unionists in Minnesota call the labor law promulgated by this presidential candidate "the Stassen Slave Act." It has teeth in it that could destroy collective bargaining, though the Governor has never used it in this way. For all practical purposes, in the building trades, for example, the 10-day waiting period imposed by the law before a strike can be started does away with that weapon in collective bargaining. On most jobs, the painting, plastering, roofing, etc., are all over within a period of 10 days.

Under the law, the Governor appoints a commission of three to conduct a hearing and make a report on the issues and merits involved in a dispute; the report filed with him is then published as he may determine in one or more legal newspapers in the counties where the dispute exists. While the commission shall be representative of employees, employers and the public respectively, an anti-labor Governor could easily pack the commission and prejudge the controversy before the public.

Not more than one person may picket a single entrance of an establishment where no strike is in progress at the time. The law is so general that it might be used to convict anyone who strongly urges individuals to join a union or to engage in a strike, or one who appeals to workers, such as truck drivers, not to cross a picket line. The law was promoted on the basis of cultivating better relations between employees and employers, but its real aim was obviously to "keep labor in its place." Labor fears the law, regards it as unfair, and the great majority of trade-unionists have always opposed Stassen. He has never been permitted to address the state conventions of the CIO and the Minnesota Federation of Labor.

A civil-service law was enacted as a part of the Governor's program. It went into effect on April 22, 1939, but its provisions as to appointees did not fully apply until July 1 of that year. In the interim some 10,000

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employees were discharged. Stassen was ruthless in getting rid of all employees, regardless of ability, who had any relationship to the Farmer Labor Party. Many departments thereafter floundered around with incapable personnel; the procedure was a travesty on the ideal of civil service. Inadequate funds were deliberately allotted to the Civil Service Commission so that proper examinations could not be given, only $15,000 being appropriated for 1939, $75,000 for 1940 and $60,000 for 1941. The new situation produced the worst patronage system Minnesota had ever seen. Stassen's friends were frozen into service by the act.

Previously, war veterans had had full preference for state employment; this preference had never been abused. Stassen eliminated the preference in exchange for an unimportant five-point addition to civil-service ratings. War veterans were aroused, and at a public dinner the Governor promised them that he would sign any law passed by the legislature restoring soldiers' preference; the veterans obtained the passage of such a law with almost unanimous approval, but Stassen would not sign it. Though veterans had full preference in state employment by law when he took office, Stassen discharged scores of them who were doing capable work, and legal action had to be instituted by these war veterans to recover their jobs. Some of these cases are still on the docket; many veterans could not afford the expense.

Minnesota welfare institutions had been administered by a single department through a bi-partisan board of three members appointed for six-year terms with staggered dates of termination. Stassen's Reorganization Act destroyed this department, and in its place created two separate ones, known as the Division of Institutions and that of Social Welfare, each headed by one administrative official with jurisdiction only in his division. This was called the "streamlining of state government," but, on the contrary, it disintegrated a well coördinated and organized non-political department that had grown up with the state. To the new organization the Governor appointed loyal party henchmen, even though such appointments were contrary to the law. For example, the state chairman of the Woman's Republican Committee and the state chairman of the All-Party Stassen for Governor Committee were given prominent positions in the welfare set-up.

The Institution Division and that for Welfare, instead of coöperating, have been in constant conflict. The Welfare Division by administrative order actually took over from the Institution Division two of the eighteen state institutions. This fight was carried to the latest session of the State Legislature, which put back one institution.

Morale has been affected in the staffs of hospitals. Penurious appropriations have decreased the services. Husbands and wives working in hospitals for mental and nervous cases are often compelled to live in wards with their patients, so that there is never any opportunity for real relaxation. Though the state's income is greater than ever before in its history, salaries have been kept so low that often the best employees have sought other positions. State relief has been eliminated and persons living in poor counties, therefore, are left almost without help. The state highway system has been neglected.

Education has got into politics, and has suffered, at the hands of Governor Stassen. He quickly made several appointments to the State Board of Education among anti-liberals who could be guaranteed to do his bidding. With his third appointment, Mrs. Anne Smith of Duluth, the anti-liberals had a majority; what qualification Mrs. Smith had for the office, beyond her willingness to coöperate closely with the Governor, nobody seems to know. Through her insistence, Dr. John G. Rockwell, Commissioner of Education, and Mr. E. D. Carstater, Director of Vocational Training, both non-political appointees and most capable men, were discharged. After three long years of litigation, Carstater has been completely vindicated by the State Supreme Court and his job is assured when he returns from the navy.

The State Teachers' College Board was formerly composed of progressive-minded individuals interested sincerely in education. They took their jobs seriously, considering them an honor and a responsibility. The teachers' colleges were on a high level. Then, board members like Benjamin Drake and S. S. Tingle, conscientious, able and outstanding, who were giving generously of their time and ability, were dropped by Stassen without explanation. They were replaced by Republican politicians; the present chairman was Republican leader of his county.

Every college president that the liberal College Board had appointed, has been under fire from the Stassen regime. First Dr. O. Myking Mehus of Winona State Teachers' College was falsely accused of misappropriating funds, this being done by innuendo through the newspapers. Dr. Mehus was vindicated, but they made life so difficult for him that he resigned to take a position with the federal government. Dr. Charles R. Sattgast, president of Bemidji State Teachers' College, was under similar pressure and resigned to enter the armed services. Dr. Herbert Sorenson, president of Duluth Teachers' College, is proving a tough customer for these reactionaries. Were it not for the excellent textbooks that he has written and for the splendid backing of the citizenry of Duluth, who appreciate his magnificent services, he also would be on the outside. Dr. George Selke of the St. Cloud Teachers' College is a Democrat appointed by an earlier board. He was also under pressure and he left to accept a much better position with the federal government. The old liberal board met often and labored long hours,

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with hard-working committees. Now the work is done in the star-chamber; the board members come into session just long enough to say yes to everything and go home. These methods have not added to the morale of education in Minnesota.

Harold Stassen, in short, is the product of a successful nationwide publicity build-up. His press agents have been skillful, and have done their work well, aided by the Governor's own acute sense of what will make the front pages. What the nation does not know is that in 1940 Governor Stassen got only a minority of votes in the cities of Minnesota in which he was well known—Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. Even in the smaller communities, he ran behind wherever there was a labor movement. Only the rural areas carried him to victory, areas where the farmers had to depend on the newspapers and the radio, both of which were usually pro-Stassen. In his first full term as Governor, he got 59.9 percent of the total vote; his second term, he got only 52 percent. He actually lost South St. Paul, where he had lived and practised law for many years. If he becomes President, it will be because of slick publicity work, because the voters of the country are kept from knowing that he is on the side of special privilege on the great fundamental economic and social issues of our day.

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS

Fascism's Day in Court

IF EVER THE DEFENSE STRATEGY in a lawsuit was obvious, it is in the trial now in hearing in Washington of twenty-nine persons accused of conspiring with the Nazis to subvert the loyalty of the American armed forces. To a layman completely ignorant of law or court procedure, the defense strategy in this case seems to be a determination not to let the jury decide on the evidence. There is free and open discussion by reporters and lawyers alike in the District of Columbia courthouse whether a United States court will be able to stand the strain of the unprecedented type of mass disorder that has marked the first stages of the trial. The deputy marshal who opens the session each morning ends his remarks with the traditional intonation, "God save the United States and this honorable court." I think it will take nothing less than this divine intercession to get the case to the jury.

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a scene in the history of our American courts as disgraceful as the riotous demonstration precipitated by defendants and many of their lawyers on the day that O. John Rogge, the government prosecutor, made his opening address to the jury. There are some twenty-two lawyers for the defense. If the organized profession of the law had a conscience (and I know of no evidence that it has) at least one-third of these lawyers would be ostracized for having degraded their profession, and never permitted to set foot in a courtroom again as practising attorneys. The whole sickening affair raises a question that has bothered me for long—What the hell does a lawyer have to do to be disreputable in the eyes of his fellow lawyers?

On the day of the near riot in the sedition trial, I knew that something terrifying and uncontrollable was happening because of the Feeling. The Feeling hadn't assailed me since June of 1937, during the "Little Steel" strike. The Feeling came at Monroe, Michigan, after a riot at which town vigilantes had broken up the picket line at the Republic Steel plant. It was just a run-of-the-mill riot, not nearly so bad as the Memorial Day massacre that had taken place about ten days before in Chicago. The vigilantes, who had been sworn in up at the courthouse in the morning, were mostly young men, lusty and enthusiastic, and thrilled by the legal aspect of the hickory sticks and the puking gas with which they had been supplied by the sheriff, who had called in a professional strike-breaking outfit from Chicago for technical assistance in the job. After the picket line was broken up, the young vigilantes used their clubs to destroy the pickets' automobiles. It was unpleasant, but even so, the Feeling had not yet seized me.

The Feeling didn't come until about half an hour later. An Acme photo man and I had started back to town. Overhead, a Detroit News photo plane, with cameras in its wings, was streaking for home, the pilot convinced that there were no more action photos below. Then from the highway we saw a man, a tall, middle-aged Slav, come running across an open field. The terror in his face is what brought up the Feeling. About 100 yards behind him, in pursuit, were some dozen high-school boys, who had been rejected by the sheriff for vigilante duty because of their tender years. The fleeing Slav was a striker, a straggler from the picket line that had just been destroyed by the vigilantes. He streaked past the Acme man and myself, ran up the stairs of a bungalow and entered. The young boys streaked by us after him, the leader crying "Get the polack son of a bitch!" The Feeling was rapidly becoming worse.

For some unaccountable reason, the boys with blood lust in their faces pulled up short at the steps of the bungalow. Then a screaming housewife emerged. "He's under the bed," she shouted. "Come in and take him out." At this instant a regular deputy sheriff, his face sobered by the events of the past thirty minutes, stepped forward, held both arms against the surging

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boys, until they eased back, and then entered the house himself. He came out holding the middle-aged, trembling Slav firmly by the arm, and marched him to his (the deputy's) automobile, through the knot of boys who cursed and spat and made ineffectual passes at the terrified striker. The deputy drove away and the frustrated boys wandered off to look for other amusement.

The Feeling was pretty terrible. It may have been the gas that kept me retching with the dry heaves. But it wasn't the gas that made the lump in my throat and the knotty feeling in my stomach. I bought a quart of whiskey and fell off the wagon that night.

Here in the Federal District Court of the United States, of all places, the Feeling returned. I can't honestly say how close I came to seeing a court of the United States destroyed by tactics first organized scientifically by the Nazis. But you can't fool that Feeling. It doesn't come except when terrifying events are impending, events that make you ashamed of the human species.

I still had traces of it the next morning, at breakfast. My older daughter, aged nine, who takes an interest in my work that sometimes approaches the irritating, asked over the oatmeal:

"What do you DO all day in court?"

"I weep interiorly for our age, and try to keep from vomiting the while," I answered.

"Oh dad," she replied, "you say the SILLIEST things."

Washington EDWIN A. LAHEY

What About Bolivia?

THERE IS EVERY INDICATION that the United States and the Latin American republics which have refused to recognize the Bolivian government established by the revolution of last December 20 are about to reverse their stand. The role of the United States in outlawing the regime of President Gualberto Villaroel was so open and so dominant that the changing of our policy—should there be a general change—and the reasons we give for it, will have great importance in our relations with all of Latin America.

Were we wrong? Did Secretary Hull make a mistake in informing our neighbor countries that the Bolivian revolution was Axis-inspired and not in line with the war interests of the United Nations? Or has the "Junta" changed its stripes, reacted to our criticism by remodeling itself along democratic lines? Our officials are busy figuring out the answers.

At least one respected United States correspondent appears to believe we were wrong about the Junta from the beginning. Allen Haden, an experienced reporter on Latin America and fighter against fascism, writing from La Paz, May 16, says: "When the full story can be told of Bolivia's struggle since last December to escape involvement with Argentina, there will be gnashing of teeth and some very red faces in Washington and some pretty handsome apologies made to Major Gualberto Villaroel, provisional President." The story of Argentina's having fostered the revolution, Haden reports, was a planted one, designed by the Argentinians as a "kiss of death" to friendly relations between Bolivia and the United States. He further praises Villaroel because he kept contract commitments with the United States and refused to sell to Argentina the strategic quinine, rubber and tungsten in exchange for her badly needed wheat and meat; this in spite of real bread shortages in Bolivia—La Paz has gone without bread for as long as a week at a time.

Other competent observers who believe that we were wrong in refusing recognition from the start blame our error on the fact that Secretary Hull was given misleading information about the Bolivian revolution by members of his staff partial to the interests of the tin-mine owners, who were threatened by the new regime. When the December revolution broke out, Secretary Hull was not prepared to meet it by the sketchy, one-sided information he had been receiving from our Ambassador Pierre Boal and his staff.

Those who adhere to these views of how we arrived at our present policy are in favor of granting the immediate recognition for which the Bolivian regime is begging. Another, larger, group favors recognition, but for different reasons. Its members believe that when the revolution occurred, there were in fact connections between the Junta and Argentine fascists, and there were fascist-minded men in the Villaroel cabinet itself, but they are now satisfied with the steps the Junta has taken to clean its own house.

Two recent actions by the Villaroel government are most often cited in its favor: the arrest and imprisonment of Mauricio Hochschild, the tin king, on the charge of supporting a counter-revolution; and a decree ordering the detention of Axis nationals in the country, which has been followed by their removal to the United States. These moves have helped convince many doubters that Villaroel is a sincere partner in the United Nations. Representatives of the Bolivian government who have visited Washington cite other such evidence:

Less than a month after coming to power, the Junta ratified the declaration of war on the Axis and reaffirmed Bolivia's international obligations and agreements, especially with respect to us.

The new cabinet promised to make "every effort" to ensure a steady flow of tin to the United Nations and ratified all procurement contracts for Bolivia's strategic

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materials. It further decreed that the entire quinine production go to the United Nations. Former President Peñaranda had refused the United States such an exclusive contract. Under the old government, part of the quinine had been sold to Argentina for her trade with Spain and Portugal and more had been bootlegged, as had some rubber.

Recently through a new agreement involving the Bolivian Development Corporation, which has United States and Bolivian members, plans have been approved whereby quinine production is to be increased from the present rate of approximately 1,500 kilos per month to 3,000 kilos. The cinchona bark from which the quinine is produced contains 6 percent quinine. The Bolivians have been recovering only about 2.3 percent of this and think that they can raise the yield to 4.5 percent with proper technical assistance.

The Villaroel regime has decreed restoration of civil rights to Jewish organizations and has made other commitments on civil liberties which, however, have not yet been fully carried out.

A general election has been scheduled for July 2.

The members of the cabinet who were singled out as pro-Nazis in the first days after the revolution have been dropped from office. All representatives of the MNR Party, the National Revolutionary Movement, which progressives here considered ultra-nationalist and inclined toward state socialism, have been dropped from the government.

A decree granting amnesty to political prisoners caused the release of leaders such as José Antonio Arze, leader of the left-wing PIR, the Revolutionary Party. Although Arze is out of jail, a tricky technicality may bar him from becoming a candidate in the July elections. A provision in the constitution which requires that a Bolivian, to be elected to office, must first have fulfilled all his military obligations, is being hauled out to embarrass Arze because of his failure to participate in the Chaco War, which he regarded as an "imperialist war" but which most Bolivians consider a sacred cause.

The Junta is almost as surprised as our government by the fact that it has survived these five months without benefit of recognition by any Western Hemisphere power except Argentina. The lack of United States recognition has been a tremendous difficulty and has made it doubly hard to explain away civilian hardships, like bread shortages, arising at least partly from a refusal to play Argentina's game. The odds against the continued survival of Villaroel's Junta without our recognition are increasing daily. But at the same time, sentiment for recognition is rapidly growing within the hemisphere. It seems possible that the most important international trade-union organization in Latin America, the CTAL, may change its mind about Bolivia. If it does, a greater impetus will be given the trend toward recognition that has already been developing in Cuba, Ecuador and elsewhere. I understand that practically every man in the American Embassy at La Paz favors recognizing the Junta without more delay.

Some cynics are saying that United States recognition for Bolivia waits on the approval of the powerful tin-mine owners, whose interests our policy has always seemed to follow. But Bolivian government representatives go along with the group which believes that Secretary Hull was originally the victim of bad information on the situation and that a change in policy is now to be expected. There is considerable hope that the investigating mission headed by Avra Warren, United States Minister to Panama, which has just returned from Bolivia, will provide sufficient new facts for a face-saving report favoring recognition.

But those who know the low state of the Bolivian economy are already beginning to warn that our recognition would not go very far toward solving Bolivia's basic problems. Unless the United States joins with the Bolivian government in planning and backing a 15-to-20-year economic plan for the development of the country, we shall again have done no more than buy ourselves a little more time before our Latin American sins catch up with us.

Washington HELEN FULLER

A New Incarnation

IF YOU TRAVEL on Indiana 62 eastward from Jeffersonville, you might do well to time your journey to hit the boat works and the ordnance plants as shifts are changing. Your reward will be a new insight into the mass power and teeming vitality of America, into the force that makes it what it is, invincible against everything save perhaps itself.

Your bus halted by the current, an eddy sweeps into it, a gush of men and women quickly filling the seats and jamming the narrow aisle. Everything is alive, and at once you are shoulder and elbow with an electric crowd of Americans of a new incarnation whom we call, broadly, war workers. If it is your first contact, you find yourself looking narrowly for some distinguishing mark of the genus.

There isn't any. The war worker cannot be typed. He is no caste, but a representation; this new army is no sprouting of dragon's teeth, fortuitous and mechanical, but a development for which we have been some time preparing, which has been long in the making and is on its way to finding a destiny of its own. The worker of today simply will not become amorphous, transient, faceless, like the "working stiffs" of the old industrial order.

A lot of them have always worked with tools, casual laborers at this and that; but you can't mistake the farmer, or the onetime white-collar man, still soft and unhabituated in the new status into which he was impressed by patriotism or a misadventure of small busi-

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ness or simply the lure of a wage that bettered his harried and hopeless clerk's pay. You guess that a thoughtful fellow, neat and wearing solemn spectacles, has been a school teacher, and you might be right; at least, you know that $1 an hour is above anything the average teacher may expect and that many of them have turned war artisans for this reason, not to speak of the satisfaction of being somehow in the big show. Among the younger ones you may be quite sure there are any number of 4-F college students. And the grave little man who slides into the seat beside you and drops instantly into a tired, fitful slumber turns out to be a part-time preacher, eking out the thin tithes of a tiny flock while smiting the fascist Philistine hip and thigh with his blow-torch 48 hours a week. On the rounded top of his lunch box is pasted a strip of paper bearing the printed text: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And then there are the girls. Above all, to sharpen your sudden recognition of a new way of life forming with new outlook and attitudes, new emancipations and participations, there are the girls. They are invested with an indefinable strange glamor, compounded of pride, excitement and intrepidity, an engaging blend of innocence and daring. You don't doubt that freedom from the slavery of clothes has a little something to do with it, that there is an impulsion for the evolving spirit of power in being at last practical about slacks and jackets; but you see also that this is touched off by a special ostentation—which only a woman, knowing subtly how to wear things, may give—in display of their identification badges, the emblems of their high emprise in which they are well pleased.

They are caught up by the chatter that fills the bus, and they are in it, being quick to talk in the bubbling infatuation of a dramatic fresh engrossment. The men still are inclined to patronize them, but a little heavily, seeming too genial, with wisecracks a bit labored, with indulgence rather persistent. Then all at once it strikes you that these things have about worn out, and that what is happening is the growth of a new sense of comradeship and equality. It has not yet quite ripened, but it is flowering. The girls, it seems, are people, too, not just females, and their experiences are the common lot.

There is a young woman with a natural wave in her dark hair who is a welder. She wants to tell the world about it, and she talks a bit overloudly, indulging her pride. The ancient bondage of women to hearth and distaff and male notions has been broken. She is a welder, and the revolutionary fact is larger than the job itself. But the adventure bears its worries. Her eyes, she confesses, smart a little now and then. Two seats back, a man offers advice: try easing them with hot-salt-water compresses when she gets home. The bus rolls along with its freight of companionship, stopping to let passengers off at clusters of dwellings or an isolated farmhouse or a trailer camp.

If you return by this route at night, going back toward the plants, and the bus pauses at darkened filling stations or at lonely mail boxes, you may be startled at first to see a girl, or two or three girls, emerge from the blackness and nonchalantly get aboard. Alone, cool and confident, their prim round faces framed in the tight bandannas or peasant scarfs of their invariable headdress, they are bound for the graveyard shift at midnight. Small feet move day and night in the insouciance and faith of a proud new status of equality, in disdain of hardship and of old fancied terrors which are now revealed as empty.

The war worker is everybody. In him and his comrades there is building a force of understanding and association that will be fateful for all our future, and for that reason should be known and heeded. This job of supplying the battle front, of shaping the boats and contriving the munitions, is bringing together every sort of people and interest, linking all in experience and purpose. It is going to be harder than you think to drive a wedge between them and the men in uniform, and you are going to see confounded the efforts which now are so obvious, and so sinister, to bring about this end. You may feel the conviction that when the boys come home, an instinct will tell them quickly enough that these heterogeneous folk who have been serving them are their own kind, out of their own homes, from their own neighborhoods and countryside.

Indeed, the soldiers and sailors show already that, let alone, they will have none of the cleavage. They travel in the packed buses, too, and they fall naturally into the banter and the tales, giving and borrowing cigarettes, matching experiences at Camp Breckinridge or Great Lakes with talk of the bag plant, the hours and the rigors of traveling 10 to 50 miles a day back and forth to a job. "So long, fella," they say, as chance acquaintances of the journey arise and the bus slows down at an entrance gate of the sprawling works.

The stake of this business, you see, is universal. The planning has got to be done for all alike and, now, for a group so large and so deep-rooted in such a variety of fields that it will not be overlooked. The freedom, the zest and fusing, the sharing, the shoulder-brushing of this new incarnation in America have been getting up a momentum that will fix them forever in our lives, a leaven of change in attitudes and perceptions from anything we have known.

They are creating a force that may become demanding, but perhaps the nature of its demands and the response to them may be foreseen—new and more socially functional processes of labor organization on one hand and of industrial organization on the other; a greater self-reliance among small farmers made more secure and enlightened by their new contacts and skills; a more forthright school of politics and a sharper insistence on action and accountability; and in the end, warmer social relationships and a truer democracy in general.

TARLETON COLLIER

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Washington Notes

Political Shenanigans

THE FOLLOWING TRUE STORY is presented as today's lesson in Realpolitik as practised in the House.

By way of background, it should be pointed out that for at least a score of years the special House Committees on Campaign Expenditures have done little or no work. They are created every two years to investigate the expenditures of candidates for the House, but they seldom try to find out anything whatever.

A couple of months ago some leaders of the House realized that such a committee would have to be organized again this year. A number of the Texas members, including Speaker Rayburn, were concerned over the violent anti-administration campaign being conducted in Texas. This campaign was led by Senator W. Lee O'Daniel and vigorous fights were being planned against New Deal members of the House.

The Speaker and some others thought that it might not be a bad idea to have the Campaign Expenditures Committee try to find out where all the money was coming from to support O'Daniel's movement. Just a short time ago O'Daniel boasted, in a circular letter sent out on Senate stationery, that the "rank and file" had contributed "over $100,000 cash to a fund for the purpose of disseminating truthful information to the people on a nationwide scale." On this same Senate stationery the Senator asked for contributions to bring this fund up to $500,000—the minimum needed for his radio and newspaper crusade.

It has been customary for the Campaign Expenditures Committee to be made up of five members, three from the majority party and two from the minority. The Speaker discussed the matter with some of his advisers and it was agreed that the Democrats should be Representatives Anderson of New Mexico, chairman, Sparkman of Alabama and Murphy of Pennsylvania. All three have the respect of the House and they could be counted upon not to join with the two Republicans, appointed by the minority leader, in an anti-administration crusade. Representative Anderson, therefore, introduced a resolution calling for the creation of the special committee. By this time, the reactionaries were thoroughly frightened by the activities of the CIO Political Action Committee. Similar resolutions, but with sections calling specifically for an investigation of labor's activities in the election, were introduced by Howard W. Smith of Virginia and E. C. Gathings of Arkansas. These went to the Rules Committee for consideration.

As everyone knows, the Rules Committee is dominated by such men as Ham Fish, Howard Smith, Gene Cox, Martin Dies and several others almost as notorious. The Speaker was determined, however, that the Anderson resolution be adopted. His influence in the committee is strong, and he made a direct personal appeal. After desultory, or rather, rowdy, hearings—the Rules Committee is always noisy, boisterous and uncontrolled—the committee adopted the Anderson resolution, but amended it by striking out everything after the enacting clause and inserting the Gathings resolution. That assured Anderson's being made chairman, for the resolution still bore his name, but the substance was that of Gathings, and custom called for his appointment to the committee.

One additional amendment clinched it for the reactionaries. They increased the size of the committee from five to seven. That means that there will be four Democrats and three Republicans. Gathings almost certainly will be the fourth Democrat. He will vote with the Republicans. Thus, the reactionaries will control the committee. What began as a plan to investigate O'Daniel will end as an investigation of the Political Action Committee and any other pro-administration activities. The Southern Democratic-Republican alliance is functioning on all cylinders.

As The New Republic recently reported, a remarkably brazen attempt to protect the wealthy from heavy taxation is receiving favorable support in many parts of the country. The Committee for Constitutional Government, Inc., a propaganda arm for Frank Gannett and Samuel B. Pettingill, is sponsor of a proposed constitutional amendment to limit federal income, inheritance, gift and estate taxes, corporate and individual, to 25 percent. Since it is apparent that no such amendment could win the support of Congress, state legislatures are being asked to petition Congress for a constitutional convention. Seventeen states already have done so. When a total of 32 ask for a convention to consider the Gannett-Pettingill amendment, Congress will be required to call one. If the convention endorsed the amendment it would then be submitted to the states for formal consideration and would become a part of the Constitution when 36 states ratified it.

Representative Wright Patman of Texas has been carrying on a one-man educational campaign in the House against the proposal. "A little group of greedy men who place love of personal gain above love of their country's best interests are sponsoring this vicious program," Patman told his colleagues.

It is hard to believe that this amendment will ever be adopted. But it conceivably could be if public attention were not called to it. So far, the press has not wasted any breath denouncing the measure. Only a handful of papers have reported the progress it has made or the fact that the Republican Postwar Tax Committee of the House has agreed to give it due consideration.

Notes: In the announcement of Vice President Wallace's trip to Russia and China it was not made very clear that he is traveling thousands of miles in Siberia to visit nearly all of the great industrial cities in that part of the world. . . . Some of the biggest industrial organizations in the country are said to have contributed to the campaigns against Senators Hill and Pepper. Enormous sums of money were spent. . . . The newspaper stories on the McCarran report denouncing the government's action in the Montgomery Ward case should have begun: "Two of the ninety-six United States Senators today denounced the administration." . . . The attack made by Southerners against the FEPC reached a new low, if that is possible, in congressional debate. When the vote was taken, by the way, nearly half of the Republicans voted against the FEPC.

Washington T. R. B.

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No Directions

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART is now celebrating its fifteenth anniversary with its largest exhibition so far, a show titled "Art in Progress" that is an attempt to survey the course of painting, sculpture, architecture, photography, dance and the theatre, movies, industrial design and posters during the last half-century. Though the Museum uses three floors and a backyard and all of its remarkable talent with partitions, the show is still too crowded; and the main job, of revealing basic traditions, trends and why they are basic, doesn't get done. Moreover, this aim is generally confused with a simpler one of just presenting some good work that was produced during the period. The show needs simplification, and firm directions about when the spectator is looking at basic facts and when not.

For example, the painting collection starts oddly, for an international show, with late nineteenth-century Americans; and then, after following through French Impressionism and Fauvism, hits a chaos of periods, movements, nationalities and artists which ends in a typical jumble with some simplified realism by Portinari, a kind of biographical painting by Florine Stettheimer, which shows rather touchingly what the artist did and saw during 1933, and a realistic allegory by Stanley Spencer.

Though the general line of the exhibition is blurred, its three major sections of painting, photography and architecture are beautifully filled with good work The painting show is continually exciting—principally up to the point where Rouault ends, and because of a selection restricted to a few less familiar paintings by the best modern French artists; there are some brilliant paintings in the latter half of the exhibit, like Klee's "Diana," Miro's "Dutch Interior," and the instantly evocative and gayest painting there, Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie Woogie," Gris's sentimental cubist landscape, and the Rattner pseudo-tragedy, with its fine color design and troubling dependence solely on decorative values. Among the dominant impressions made by the show is the one that the most perfect pictures in the period after Renoir and Cezanne were painted by Matisse. And that in spite of many breathtaking paintings, it is again evident that the Museum is unwilling to take the highest critical stand in regard to the art it exhibits, and can only show an impossibly equal liking for dabs of just about every kind, quality and attitude of art being practised today.

The photography show is dominated, along with the other exhibits, by either Frenchmen or Americans. It is divided into three categories, called the Lyric Image (indicated by Stieglitz), the Abstract Image (by Weston, Man Ray and Sheeler), and the Objective Image. I spent more time in the last category looking at Brady's Civil War pictures, and the works of Evans, Hine, Cartier-Bresson and Levitt than in the other two together. My enjoyment is usually for photography that makes the closest identification of the person with his environment, while indicating their character most profoundly with the minimum of compromise from the personality of either the artist or his camera.

My feeling that more artistic invention and brilliance went into architecture and industrial design during the last decade than into any of the other fine arts is strengthened by the present building exhibit, but the industrial-arts section seems to be the product of a devious anti-pleasure plot. As anti-pleasure, I list the analyses of the development of the scissors, the flatiron—from the Model T version to one that looks like a speedboat—the kettle, through the ages to a heavy, helmet-like monster that looks powerful enough to run a battleship, the typewriter, and the evolution of one kind of easy chair down to a chair shaped out of a plastic balloon tire and covered with a fish net. It is quite comfortable, quite pretty, like an oyster or its pearl, and a great teaser of practical jokers, who will think of sticking pins in the plastic tire after they have gotten you to sit in it. The fanatical functionalism taught by this exhibit is no excuse for the drab, colorless nature of most of the forms, nor for the restriction of the field mainly to kitchenware, a few office pieces and the Schick razor.

Of the 47 buildings that the Museum staff has selected as the 47 best built in the U. S. A. since the Museum's first architectural exhibit in 1932, the major influence seems to be the organic dictum expressed by the creator of the present exhibit's first three buildings—Frank Lloyd Wright—and what seems most lacking in them is the quality of distinction and beauty that you find in the strong, uncompromised forms of Neutra's Channel Heights Housing Project in Los Angeles, and in the two Massachusetts homes built by Gropius and Breuer.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

The court of criminal appeals said in effect Wednesday the sun, not Congress, fixes time in Texas. It reversed a case from Dallas in which an employer was fined $25 for working an 11-year-old boy past 10 p. m. The court said that 10 p. m. central war time, actually is 9:10 p. m. sun or solar time and the solar time is applicable in enforcing the child-labor law involved. – *AP dispatch from Austin, Texas.*

The commission [the San Francisco Art Commission], after hearing Elmer Hubbard, musician member, warn of communism creeping into the country through music and art, turned down Mr. Bufano's suggestion for 50-cent symphonies and referred to committee his suggestion that artists be employed to decorate public buildings. – *From The San Francisco News.*

The public schools of Detroit offered a prize to the student who suggested the most severe punishment that could be given to Adolf Hitler, and Mary Jackson, senior in one of the East Side schools, has been declared the winner. Said the co-ed: "The most severe punishment that could be given Hitler would be to paint him black and bring him to America." – *From The Pittsburgh Courier.*

Oversight

Sixteen members of a visiting Doukhobor youth delegation were arrested yesterday after stripping off their clothing before 1,500 Sunday strollers in Stanley Park. Nine men and seven women, from 20 to 48 years old, took part in the demonstration. They were booked on charges of failing to show their national registration cards. – *AP dispatch from Vancouver.*

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On the Home Front

Nicholas J. Murphy, vice-president of the Chase National Bank of New York, addressing a foreign-trade conference, said that the present war was a "sales manager's dream" which is doing much to popularize a demand for American goods and services all around the world. – *From The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

On Electing Democrats

SIR: While it is true that the "Unholy Alliance" of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans noted in your recent supplement ["A Congress to Win the War and the Peace," May 8] cuts across traditional party lines, it is not entirely correct to say that party labels do not mean anything. In states where the two-party system is in operation, the Democrats come off much better than the Republicans in your tabulation.

The Democratic leadership in the House and Senate, bad as it is at times, is unquestionably more enlightened than the leadership of Taft and Martin. Liberals should keep this in mind when they are advised to give only mild and grudging support to the Democrats in 1944, on the grounds that they are "tired." Even in cases where the nominees are of equal caliber (cases rare enough indeed), the Democrat is preferable to the Republican.

Fort Du Pont, Del. T/SGT WILLIAM MC CRACKEN

Isolationists and New Deal Critics

SIR: Isolationism is rearing its ugly head again. Although the great majority of American citizens recognize its futility, an increasingly active and articulate minority, led by the powerful Colonel McCormick, are preparing for a comeback. Calling themselves "Nationalists" this time, they are playing the old tune, but now a new note has been added, the current popular tune of anti-New Dealism.

Colonel McCormick wants a strong America, mobilized and bristling with enough armament to discourage any would-be aggressor. He also wants to put an end to the New Deal, and all its "evil works"—the boards, commissions, regulations and bureaucrats which are anathema to him. He wants the federal government decentralized and deëmphasized, and at the same time he wants it to maintain *in perpetuum* a force sufficient in itself to take on any and all comers.

Such a dual objective is self-contradictory and impossible, however superficially attractive it may be. No one who has witnessed the privations suffered by the individual citizen, the curtailment of personal liberties and the unavoidable expansion of the government's regulatory functions during our mobilization for both defense and war, could harbor the illusion that in this century America can enjoy by her own efforts both foreign security and domestic liberty. Either we combine with nations whose interests parallel ours, bearing our proportionate share of the responsibility, or we bring down on ourselves a super-system of state controls and regulations that will make the New Deal look like the gospel of Adam Smith. Strong states are centralized and highly regulated in direct ratio to their state of military readiness. It would be a tragedy if isolationism were to sneak back into favor under the coat-tails of the current reaction against the "New Deal" administration.

Miami, Fla. LT. DUNCAN S. BALLANTINE, USNR

[The above statement represents the personal opinion of the writer and does not reflect the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large. – D. S. B.]

Art for Labor Unions

SIR: For the record may I outline briefly the facts regarding the coöperative program between the Flint Institute of Arts and the CIO which Elizabeth McCausland so generously spotlighted in her article, "Art in Wartime," in your May 15 issue? Miss McCausland was misinformed on the true and most significant nature of the project, which was never a forum on art and labor, as she stated, but something far more important and with exciting possibilities for future development.

In the summer of 1942 an agreement was reached between the Flint Institute of Arts and the Greater Flint Industrial Union Council (CIO) whereby the Institute was to offer Saturday classes in drawing, painting and clay modeling free to children of members of the various CIO unions in Flint. The entire cost of the classes was to be carried by the Council, and the Institute was to supply the space, teachers, materials and administration. Available space limited the size of the classes (for these were in addition to the Institute's regular Saturday classes for children), but the results were so gratifying to all concerned that another year's program, just now concluded, was a foregone conclusion. Perhaps next year there will be an extension to include older boys and girls and possibly even union members themselves. It is certainly a natural evolution.

Buick Local 599 of the UAW-CIO was singled out by Miss McCausland as the only participant. The fact is that Local 599 is only one of the several UAW locals represented on the Greater Flint Industrial Union Council, which voted to start and then to continue the program. The other CIO unions, while a good deal smaller than the Auto Workers, also have voices in the Council's deliberations and may participate in the art classes on a per-capita basis. Local 599 has about 17,000 members out of about 50,000 CIO members in all Flint. The credit, therefore, should be more generally distributed, although Local 599 played an important, not to say dominant, role in the enterprise.

RICHARD B. FREEMAN, Director,
Flint, Mich. The Flint Institute of Arts

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A volunteer in the American Field Service, who asks that his name be withheld, writes giving us a dark picture of present conditions in Italy. He says there is deep poverty, a severe shortage of food and other supplies, and much inefficiency and corruption in the Badoglio government.

Alice C. Browning and Fern Hayden announce the publication of a new magazine, Negro Story, which they are editing. They hope to give the Negro writer a creative outlet and to stimulate a greater interest in the Negro theme. The magazine sells for 50 cents a copy or $2 a year, and is a bi-monthly. The mailing address is 4017 Vincennes Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois.

The National Women's Trade Union League, 317 Machinists Building, Washington 1, D. C., sends us a pamphlet, "Postwar Jobs for Women." Its purpose is to tell women who have gone into industry for the first time during the war how to hold and better their jobs.

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Books in Review

André Gide in Wartime

AFTER THE FALL of France, Andre Gidé wrote nothing for several months except brief, puzzled entries in his Journal. He found it hard to form a clear picture of the catastrophe. He suffered, like many other French writers, from a sense of guilt that was caused by the defeat itself, rather than by anything that went before it. In life, punishment and guilt are often reversed, just as in the trial scene at the end of "Alice in Wonderland." "Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said. "No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards." And there is a story from "Grimm's Fairy Tales" that Gide repeats in one of his "Imaginary Interviews": Herr Korbes, coming home to his cottage after the day's work, is assailed by a cat, a duck and a whole collection of inanimate objects; when he tries to escape, a cobblestone falls on him and dashes out his brains. The story ends, "Herr Korbes must have been a very wicked man"; and many French writers had subconsciously reached the same conclusion about themselves. They must have been wicked, and must have written evil books, or their nation would not have been punished.

This state of mind helps to explain why the Nazis were able to gain a certain number of converts in the world of French letters—though self-interest was also involved, and the feeling that Hitler's victory was inevitable in any case, so why not make the best of it? Yet there were fewer turncoats than is commonly supposed. Among the writers of some standing who went over to the Germans (omitting the simple journalists like Clément Vautel, Henri Béraud and Maurice Martin du Gard, who is no relation to the novelist; and omitting the shrill mummies like Abel Bonnard and Henri Bordeaux) there were chiefly Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Henry de Montherlant, Jean Cocteau, Paul Morand, Jean Giono and two men who would play a part in Gide's career: Pierre Drieu la Rochelle and Jacques Chardonne. On the whole, it is a fairly impressive list, but not one that represents the best in French letters. Drieu la Rochelle, now violently fascist, became the new editor of La Nouvelle Revue Française, the magazine that Gide had founded. As for Chardonne, a novelist formerly of some talent, he wrote the first French book that accepted the defeat as a judgment and a promise for the future. Gide read it and, for the first time since the defeat, he felt moved to take a public stand.

He discovered that political judgments could be printed in Vichy France, so long as they were presented in the guise of literary criticism. Chardonne could not be attacked for his betrayal of French interests or his servility to the Germans; the censor would act immediately, not to mention the state police. But Chardonne could be condemned for vagueness, for foggy thinking, for all sorts of literary faults that implied what Gide could not say about his political faults, and the censor would be helpless (if he did not secretly approve of the attack). "Chardonne," Gide said in a review he wrote for Le Figaro, "plays for me the part of the drunken helot, warning me against the wine for which I too might have shown a weakness. Seeing him reel and stagger, at once I stand erect." And the review concluded, "Thanks to his fluidity and inconsistency (if I judge by myself), we have a stronger sense of our own firmness; thanks to all these indistinct surrenders, we recognize our own constancy." Gide was speaking for all the French writers who had so far been silent.

In November, 1941, he began contributing a column to the literary supplement of Le Figaro, which was the best and almost the only outlet open to serious writers in the Free Zone. The column, which consisted of dialogues with an imaginary interviewer, appeared weekly until the late spring of 1942, when Gide went to North Africa for a short vacation, and did not return. After the first few "interviews" had been published, he wrote in his Journal:

January 1, 1942

I have gone back to work and find a semblance of happiness at my writing desk. My thoughts are easy to formulate, so long as they aren't profound; and in my column for Le Figaro, I have been merely scratching the surface of ideas. I have formed no judgment about events and sometimes doubt that I can play a part or find a reason for being in the new universe that is vaguely taking shape. I am certain, however, that it will have no connection with this tomfoolishness *(singerie)* of a "national revolution," which I cannot take seriously. The true heartbeats of France are hidden, and they still cannot afford to make themselves known. What we see, at the moment, is only a temporary show, all fraud and bluster. The ground is as yet too shaky for anything to be built on it. Everything depends on . . .

". . . on victory for the Allies," I suppose he meant to say; but it was dangerous to write frankly, even in one's private papers. More than a year later, in Tunis, his Journal would be seized by the Germans, with the result that Gide would have to go into hiding until the city was liberated. Meanwhile, in what he wrote for publication in France, he was doing much more than merely raking the topsoil of ideas. French culture at the time was directly threatened with destruction, and not only by the invaders; it also had enemies at home. Gide was doing his best to preserve its living continuity.

His "Imaginary Interviews" deal with subjects like the supposed responsibility of writers for the French defeat, the amazing revival of poetry in an otherwise desolate age, the rules that might govern the novel (if it had any rules), the traditions of French verse and the decay of the subjunctive mood. Reading them, one is impressed more than ever by Gide's utter absorption in his craft. One feels that the whole of French and European culture, past and contemporary, is simultaneously present in his mind; that if the books were destroyed (and many of them were unprocurable in the Free Zone), he could supply their substance from memory. When he makes a statement, he immediately thinks of a verse from Racine or Baudelaire, a line from Racine or Montesquieu, that illustrates what

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he says; all these authors are as much his associates as if they were sitting at the same table helping him to judge the books of today. When he prays, late at night, it is to the great writers still to appear. "Future values of France," he says, "your hour will come. . . . I shall no longer be able to hear you, and yet it is for you I am waiting."

Still, his almost religious absorption in literature does not imply a lack of concern for other issues. Many of his remarks have political implications that must have been clear to everybody except the Germans. Varian Fry, who spent several months in Vichy France, pointed out to me that the restrictions on free speech had produced a curious effect there: certain words in common use had become highly charged with meaning. Thus, when Gide speaks of "resistance" in quite a different connection—in several connections, as a matter of fact, for he reveals a sudden fondness for the word and always gives it a favorable meaning—his French readers can scarcely help thinking of resistance against the invaders. The word *épuration*, which means "purifying" or "purging," has also acquired a special connotation. "We hear talk of *épuration*," Gide says at one point; then he hastens to add, "Naturally we are speaking only of literature," as if he wanted to make it clear that he was thinking of other matters also. At another point the interviewer exclaims, "Long live our National Revolution, which preserves us from such a fate! It permits us to wish and hope for a general pacification." He pauses for Gide's assent, but receives no answer. "There was a moment of silence," the author says, making his only public statement on the National Revolution.

His best thrusts at Vichy and the collaborationists take the form of literary allusions that the censors had no time to track down. Thus, when he hears that Chardonne has praised Renan's letter to Strauss, written during the Franco-Prussian War, Gide says in a casual way that Renan wrote two letters to Strauss, both printed in a volume that he mentions by name. If his readers referred to the volume—as many of them undoubtedly did—they found that whereas the first letter to Strauss was respectful in tone, the second was a philippic against the Germans. Writing about Goethe (in one of the finest essays of our time), Gide gives a just estimate of his achievements; but also he condemns him for his servility to Napoleon, in words that would be applied to any Frenchman who served Hitler. Elsewhere his numerous quotations from Victor Hugo have an unmistakable meaning. Hugo, the poet who most clearly expressed the ideals of the French Revolution, was being condemned by the critics who supported Vichy, and his works were disappearing from the schools and even the bookshops. Gide had formerly attacked Hugo, but now he seems to be saying: "Read him while there is still time; read his great poems of hatred for Napoleon the Little, and remember that every word of them applies to our present situation." Often he seems to be writing messages in code addressed to French patriots. He has found a method of preserving his intellectual freedom and of expressing or at least implying his thoughts in spite of the censors.

Even without these political implications, his "Imaginary Interviews" would teach a lesson that was over-

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looked in the arguments over art and politics (or art and life) that occupied our attention between two wars. We were told at the time that art and politics had no connection at all; or that, on the other hand, they had a most intimate connection. We were told in the 1920's that art could not flourish unless it was pursued as a single and separate goal; we were told in the 1930's that it had to be subordinated to the interests of society at large (or the revolution or the masses). What nobody foresaw was that, in certain circumstances, a wholehearted devotion to the literary art might become a political action; that it might serve, for example, as a declaration of independence from Vichy and all the tomfoolishness of a "national revolution." Simply by talking about literature, in his own subtle fashion, Gide had affirmed his belief in the older French values, including the other and genuine revolution that Vichy was trying to abolish. MALCOLM COWLEY

Baron of the Airways

Empire of the Air, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 236 pages. $3.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Juan Trippe appeared at an executive hearing before the Clark Committee of the Senate to present the ideas of Pan-American Airways on postwar control of the air. Trippe reportedly spoke for 21 hours and illustrated his testimony with a series of wall-length exhibits. His leading argument seems to have been that Pan-Am must be allowed to retain its exclusive air rights after the war.

While most people are coming to realize that freedom of the air will be an issue of paramount importance at the next peace table, nearly all of this discussion has revolved around general principles and has failed to take into consideration the one person who may have more to say about postwar aviation than any of our statesmen. Juan Trippe, president of Pan-American Airways, has remained as much a mystery to the general public as the Sphinx. Representative Harry Sheppard hit the nail on the head when he declared recently, "It is high time to bring [the Pan-Am interests] out into the open, and to show the American public . . . Juan Trippe."

"Empire of the Air" is not so direct and hard-hitting as "The Robber Barons" and "The Politicos." This may be partly due to the fact that Juan Trippe is made of blander public stuff than his nineteenth-century predecessors. Josephson follows Trippe from his first model airplanes and early school days, on to college (where he earned the nickname "Mummy"), then out into the business world, where Trippe, according to Josephson, became "a kind of latter-day *conquistadore*." It is rather touching to discover that even in his forties Trippe is evidently just a guileless youth at heart: "After a fight is over he looks as bland and innocent as a small boy who has just robbed the jam closet." One of his friends once playfully remarked that all Trippe needs to make his public appearances complete is to be dressed in short pants and to have his hair cut in bangs.

But what about the tough-minded airways baron, who is grudgingly recognized by his enemies as one of the most cunning business strategists of the twentieth century? We catch glimpses of him in Josephson's graphic description of Pan-Am's development from a puddle-jumping company running from Key West to Havana, into an enterprise covering 98,000 route miles (more than 75 percent of all domestic air business). The spectacular rise of Pan-Am has been facilitated by indirect government subsidies granted through the various mail acts. Exclusive mail contracts have fallen like plums into Trippe's hands. Even when other companies have put in lower bids than Trippe, he has beaten them easily to the draw, plotting out his routes in advance, in coöperation with the State Department. Pan-Am's contract methods were openly condemned at the Black Investigation of Air Mail Subsidies (1935), when Postmaster General Farley declared that all of Trippe's contracts should be canceled.

Trippe has driven many hard business deals in order to obtain the *sine qua non* of Pan-Am's monopoly: exclusive air rights over each new territory. If Trippe cannot eliminate rival lines, such as the New York, Rio and Buenos Aires, by financial squeezes, he is reportedly not above using tougher methods, as in the Yerex affair. At first, Trippe cleverly obtained the support of the State Department (even though "it was embarrassing for the State Department to back a foreign corporation"); later, when he no longer needed this support, he made his own diplomacy. The war has not materially altered Trippe's methods. Although he makes a great point of his patriotism, he had to be forced by the State Department to remove his German pilots in South America. He delayed the construction of vital air bases in Africa and South America by insisting upon exclusive rights for Pan-Am. Trippe has apparently capitalized on our war requirements to add to empire at government expense.

Pan-Am's tremendous technical achievements, as Josephson points out, possess "an inspiring creativeness . . . an endless fascination." But they did not prevent Pan-American from being charged, in 1942, with having become obsolete in its operating techniques. By then, Trippe's aerial empire had been consolidated into a formidable monopoly. According to the Gates hearings, Pan-Am had failed to make needed improvements in runways, lighting facilities and radio range stations in South America. More serious, Pan-Am officials had refused to improve their service by installing night flying.

Most of Pan-Am's foreign operations are now carried on by remote control from the complex central administration in New York. Although Josephson leaves his reader with the impression that Trippe is a wide traveler, the Gates hearings revealed that Trippe and other high Pan-Am officials actually have not visited their South American domain for nearly a decade.

Trippe's organization faced its supreme test with the attack on Pearl Harbor. It so happened that Pan-Am's foreign routes proved to be of incalculable strategic importance. But Pan-Am has evidently been unable to accept its full share of our wartime transport job. On a basis of size alone, it should have formed the nucleus of this work. Instead, the Air Transport Command has been forced to rely mainly on the smaller airlines and on its own facilities.

With his exclusive air empire still intact, Trippe holds most of the keys to our future air policy in his hands. He

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has one of the smoothest lobbies going, and he is considered by many on Capitol Hill as "a young man of high vision." Some authoritative quarters believe Trippe may be backing the new McCarran bill, hoping to get a preponderant control in the giant stock company it proposes.

Trippe does not believe in such advanced "globaloney" as freedom of the air. He laid the groundwork for a postwar aviation cartel in 1929, by signing a tentative agreement with the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Close relations have been maintained between Pan-Am and BOAC ever since. When one of the heads of BOAC visited this country recently, he was Trippe's guest. It is rumored that Pan-Am and BOAC have already worked out a preliminary arrangement for the postwar period.

In his last chapter, Josephson states the problems of postwar air control clearly and cogently. In a world telescoped together by wartime improvements in air transport, the struggle to maintain the "closed skies" of private monopolies would be irreparably costly. Shall we leave the future of our national air policy up to Juan Trippe and his methods of bilateral bargaining? Speaking on behalf of American Export Airlines, Thomas Burke recently presented the Clark Committee with a compelling argument for America's prompt adoption of the liberal "right of innocent passage" as our central air policy after the war. Burke pointed to the success of our air agreements with Canada, as evidence that multilateral air dealings among nations are practical. The peace and security of the postwar world may well depend upon the courage with which our policy-making officials face our future air problems.

ALLAN SPALDING

Men in Motion

Limit of Darkness, by Howard Hunt. New York: Random House. 227 pages. $2.50.

THE DISILLUSIONED YOUNG MEN, the men of much guts, the disinherited, brave young men are coming back. Any day now you will see them, home on leave or home for good, bleakly staring into their whiskies, as terribly alone as in the cockpits of fighter-planes over the bloody beach of Dieppe or the waters off Guadalcanal. They will speak only to their own kind between long periods of silence, and there will be nothing in their faces when they speak or after. They will have great respect but no softness for each other; they will have nothing whatever for anyone else.

Breaking silence, one of them will say, "Christ," with a kind of tensive lack of emotion, like a single word on a sheet of paper. And another will say, "What's on your mind?" "Should there be something on my mind?" the first will say. And a third will answer, "No. It's just fine when there's nothing on your mind. That's what life is for. It's fine like that." "Well, I've got nothing on my mind, so everything is fine." "Jesus" (without the exclamation point), "you're a bad poet." But none of them will laugh. They will stare into their glasses for another interval of silence.

But a listener will not be fooled. He will know from something in their words that words for them are cloaks. He will know that they all have something on their minds, that nothing is fine, and that perhaps each one of

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them is potentially a good poet. And the listener, gray with cosmic sorrow, will remember the old Biblical phrase and call them the Lost Generation.

Any day now the lost generation will be with us again.

Most of them as yet are at the wars. In "Limit of Darkness" they are at the war on Guadalcanal. They are already disillusioned, disinherited, gutty, and lost. The war did not make them that way, though, the reader cannot help but feel, "Limit of Darkness" was written to explain that it did. The lostness was in them before they went to war; the aching lack of *something* in heart and mind and soul. They took nothing to the war; they'll bring nothing back.

There is Lambert, for instance, who loves planes because they're good to kill from. "It's not a question of courage," he says, "it's a question of not caring." There's McRae, whom a woman had failed when he needed her most. And Forsyth, who "likes to tell" the cold and cynical story of his soul-wreck when he's had a few drinks. And Babe, the kid who dies at Kahili before he is quite lost. Excepting him and Joe Cordell, all of them are lost before they go to war, and go to war because they are lost.

As an apologia and explanation, "Limit of Darkness" does not come off. As a story of men in movement it is meticulous in its detail, sharp in its description. The raid on Kahili, the last section of the book, is fine descriptive writing. But detail can be overdone. It must illumine and not obscure, animate and not deaden, validate and not weaken the real subject, and in this book men are the subject. But they are often hidden behind a scrupulously woven screen of detail. When they show through, they are quite plausibly alive, and these moments of aliveness are worth the reading for.

Howard Hunt can write. I think his next book will prove it.

J. SAUNDERS REDDING

A Reader's List

REPORT ON DEMOBILIZATION, by James R. Mock and Evangeline Thurber (Oklahoma, $3). This book is an authoritative admonition to America. It stresses the calamity that is bound to follow when millions of returning servicemen seek to resume their old places in society. The authors contend that unless serious and thoughtful planning is begun at once, chaos similar to that which occurred after the last war is bound to ensue. In 1919, the housing shortage was acute, rentals were exorbitant and federal employees suffered severely. By analyzing the errors of the last postwar period, the authors suggest how we may profit from our former experiences.

BALKAN JOURNAL, by Laird Archer (Norton, $3.50). Mr. Archer's "personal history" tells in simple language what he saw, heard and did in various Balkan countries between 1934, when Mussolini bullied Albania into becoming an outright Italian protectorate, and 1941, when Hitler conquered Yugoslavia and Greece as a preparatory move to protect his right flank before invading the Soviet Union. The book's charm lies in its author's closeness to the common people of the Balkan countries as director of the Near East Foundation, which gave him opportunities rarely shared by foreign correspondents. On the other hand, his political insight into what happened in the Balkans during his residence is fragmentary and frequently naïve. Thus dictator Metaxas of Greece emerges as a benevolent ruler for no other reason than his anti-Axis preferences in international politics. Other governmental leaders, in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, are also treated much too generously in view of their conservative, if not reactionary and protofascist, opinions and acts. On the whole, the chief usefulness of Archer's diary is its presentation of a background against which political events may be judged.

THE BATTLE OF THE WARSAW GHETTO, by S. Mendelsohn (the Yiddish Scientific Institute-YIVO, free). Culled from underground reports, newspapers and official Polish government releases is the story of the "Jewish-German" war. Since the fall of Poland, the Nazi demands for evacuation of Jews to do "war work" had been satisfied by mass gas executions and machine-gunning of women and children forced to dig their own graves. The remaining 40,000 Jews in Warsaw, with ammunition half supplied by the Polish underground, half spirited out of nowhere, staged an organized last stand which the German army, with troops, tanks, incendiary bombs and systematic razing of houses, could not completely quell in five weeks.

Crime and Punishment

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL, edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser (Random, $2.95). This 1,100-page anthology is the definitive work to date in this field. From Balzac's "Grande Bretêche" to Geoffrey Household's "Taboo," comparatively few bets are missed. Of the stories new to me, W. W. Jacobs' "The Interruption," Dorothy Sayers' "Suspicion" and the two entries of Algernon Blackwood are outstanding.

CORPSE DE BALLET, by Lucy Cores (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.50). The growing popularity of ballet gives the setting (the American Ballet Drama playing an engagement at the Civic Opera in New York City) of Miss Cores' book more than average interest. Technical knowledge and a good plot make this story of the murder of Vova Izlomin—once insane Russian dancer and now star of the company—a worthwhile job. It is also a pleasure to welcome back Toni Ney, Eric Skeets and Captain Andrew Torrent, the amiable trio of Miss Cores' first book—and a good one—"Painted for the Kill."

E. H.

Contributors

Howard Y. Williams, field director of the Union for Democratic Action, was formerly national director of the League for Independent Political Action and national organizer of the Farmer Labor Political Federation.

Edwin A. Lahey is a member of the staff of the Washington Bureau of The Chicago Daily News, and one of the country's leading labor reporters.

Tarleton Collier, associate editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal, is the author of a novel, "Fire in the Sky," as well as of many articles and sketches on Southern people and their problems.

Allan Spalding, student of economics and politics and a graduate of Columbia University, is at present living in Washington, where he is engaged in economic-research work.

J. Saunders Redding has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1944-45. He recently won the Mayflower Award with his book, "No Day of Triumph." He is a member of the English faculty at Hampton Institute and is working on a new book.

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